Don't Make Me Wait by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

"I'm not off for another half hour."
"Yeah, I know. Just killin' time," Billy says with a shrug, "I dunno. Thought maybe you could give me the tour or something."
"The tour," Steve repeats dumbly, "There's not much to see."
"Well. I haven't seen the back."

Don't Make Me Wait

Author's Note:

> Those shorts. Those motherfucking shorts. I have a problem. A big problem. I wasn't going to start writing last night, but I could not help myself. Turns out I wasn't the only one drooling over the thought of Steve's come running down his leg (I'm lookin at you, Hop!!). So here we are. I just can't stop writing boys coming in their pants. I acknowledge this. What can I say? It's a thing.
>
> Also, my Robin is kind of like a disinterested dudebro, but I think it works?
>
> Anyway, title borrowed from Bed by Nicki Minaj feat Ariana Grande because this was my number one smut jam while writing this. As always, unbeta'd, kudos/comments/con-crit welcome. I hope you enjoy

Billy can see the way Steve's face brightens up at the sight of him from across the near deserted food court. Steve smiles, straightening up from where he'd been leaning against the counter, chin propped up in his big hands. Billy doesn't miss the way Robin rolls her eyes. He shoves his hands into his jean pockets as he saunters up, chewing on his bottom lip. "Ahoy," Robin drawls and Billy salutes her in kind.

"Hey," Steve greets.

"Hey," Billy replies, and he's got that look. The one that he puts on for waitresses and cashiers and mothers. The look he wears when he wants something.

"I'm not off for another half hour."

"Yeah, I know. Just killin' time," he says with a shrug, "I dunno. Thought maybe you could give me the tour or something."

"The tour," Steve repeats dumbly, "There's not much to see."

"Well. I haven't seen *the back*."

Robin snorts as Steve flushes, doesn't look up from where she's picking at her chipped nail polish, little black flakes fluttering to the floor.

"The, uh, back?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ," Robin swears, swiveling her head to pin Steve with a most amused stare, "*Go*. I think I can handle it." Billy grins at her as he hops the counter.

"Knew I liked you," Billy says with a wink as he shoves Steve through the swinging door.

"You look so fuckin' hot, baby," Billy murmurs on the other side, tugging Steve by the apron as he reaches for the freezer door, hauling it open singlehandedly, "Better cool you down," he says, pulling Steve inside. Steve gasps as his back hits the freezer wall, the icy cold crawling up his spine as his nipples draw up hard and tight beneath his stupid uniform shirt. Billy's got him by the neckerchief, immobilizing and mollifying him.

"Shhh, Pretty Boy," Billy rumbles against Steve's neck, "You gotta be quiet. Unless you want your little friend up front knowin' what a slut you are." Billy palms Steve's cock over his shorts, grins as it begins to fill beneath his touch. "That's it. Wanna see that big fuckin' dick in these tight little shorts." Steve moans, hat askew as he throws his head back, hands fisting at the front of Billy's denim jacket. "Shit, 'm so fuckin' horny," Billy murmurs, rolling Steve's fat cock against his leg, "God, lookit you, huh? I could almost..." Billy's hand slips lower, to the hem of Steve's shorts, thick fingers just barely inching up to brush the slick head of his cock. Steve gasps, licks his lips as his dick surges at the feather-light touch. "*Fuck*, Steve."

"Billy, c'mon. Please. We're gonna get caught."

"Only if you keep makin' these pretty little noises," Billy replies, massaging Steve's cockhead with his thumb. Steve's hips twitch up into Billy's, fingers tightening in his jacket. "You like this, baby? You wanna come like this? Or you wanna fuck my mouth?"

Steve whines in resignation as he shivers. As much as he loves the wet heat of Billy's sinful mouth, the way Billy's dark lashes look fanned out against his hollowed cheeks as he moans and drools and sucks, what Billy's doing right now feels *really* good. The way Steve's cock is dripping and throbbing, the way his shorts can barely contain him as Billy toys with the sensitive head feels filthy and naughty and he *likes* it. "Fuck. This. This, don't stop."

Billy growls as Steve's cock gives a pulse, another gush of pre wetting his fingers. He straddles Steve's leg, grinding up and into his hip, shifting Steve's shorts as he does, Steve's shiny, slippery cockhead peeking out from beneath the fabric. "Jesus," Billy swears, curling a hand around the leg of Steve's shorts and pulling until it's drawn tight, trapping Steve's cock against his leg, Billy's mouth all but watering at the fat outline. "Work those hips for me, baby."

Steve huffs, fingers slipping to Billy's rolling hips as he works to do the same, cock pulsing and dragging against the fabric. "*God*, that's it. What you fuckin' do to me." Billy's panting hard now and Steve moans at the feel of Billy's cock grinding into his hipbone so hard it verges on painful. Billy's fingers tighten around his shorts, the hem catching on the crown of Steve's cock, his slit.

"*Oh*," Steve says softly, 'Oh fuck." His body is winding up tight, hips hitching, cock growing impossibly hard against his thigh, and then it gives a kick and he's coming, pulse after pulse of hot, thick jizz hitting the hem of his shorts, Billy's shoe, running down his leg in milky rivulets. Billy's panting harder, eyes trained on the mess Steve's made as he ruts against his hip, rhythm stilted, faltering.

Steve's still trembling when his hands find Billy's ass, urging him on, guiding his hips; too far gone to censor the filth spilling past his lips, "Fuck, you love it, don't you? What you can do to me? What I *let* you do? Let you make me blow my load all over myself. At work." Billy growls, bites down on his lip. Steve leans in close, tugging at Billy's earring with his teeth, "I came on your shoe."

Billy grunts in surprise as his orgasm overtakes him, head dropping into Steve's shoulder as he pulses into his jeans. He rocks through it, teeth sinking into the side of Steve's neckerchief. Steve's cock twitches at the feel of Billy's fingers bruising on his hips, at the sound

of the little hitching moans Billy makes as he's coming down. Steve shifts against him. His come is cooling, his cock feels sticky against his thigh.

"Goddamn it."

Billy snorts into his shoulder, dragging his stubbled jaw against Steve's cheek as he draws back. "Oops," he says, sounding as far from sorry as humanly possible, "Don't worry, sweetheart. I got you," Billy says, dropping down to his knees and then onto all fours. Steve watches as Billy laps at one of the streaks of come running down his leg, and then another and another until Steve's half-hard all over again and pushing at his shorts.

Steve's hands fall into Billy's curls, pulling, "Fuck. Stop, Billy. *Stop*!" Billy chuckles, nips at the inside of Steve's thigh, but does as he's told. "I hate you," Steve whines. *I love you*.

"I know."

By the time they deem themselves presentable they've gone through three aprons and half a roll of paper towel and Steve's got exactly four minutes left on the clock. Robin looks up when the door swings open, takes in their flushed faces, kiss bitten lips, and rumpled clothing. She wrinkles her nose as she hops off the counter, shoulders Steve hard as she walks past, "I'm leaving." Which, really, is more than fair.

"Hey, Hargrove?" she hollers without looking back, "You missed a spot."

Steve goes hot all over as his gaze drops to Billy's shoe and the thick streak of drying jizz.

"Kill me," Steve says, but he can barely hear the sound of his own voice over Billy's laughter.